

CRIME

**THE LAW
ALWAYS WINS!**

SMASHERS

JULY, No. 11
10¢

IT'S THAT ESCAPED
FIEND! HE'S A
KILLER... **STOP**
IN THE NAME OF
THE LAW, OR
I'LL SHOOT!!



featuring:

**SALLY THE SLEUTH
DAN TURNER
GIRL FRIDAY
RAY HALE**

CRIME CAN'T PAY — IN ANY WAY!



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

GAIL FORD

"MUSCLING-IN TO DOOM!"

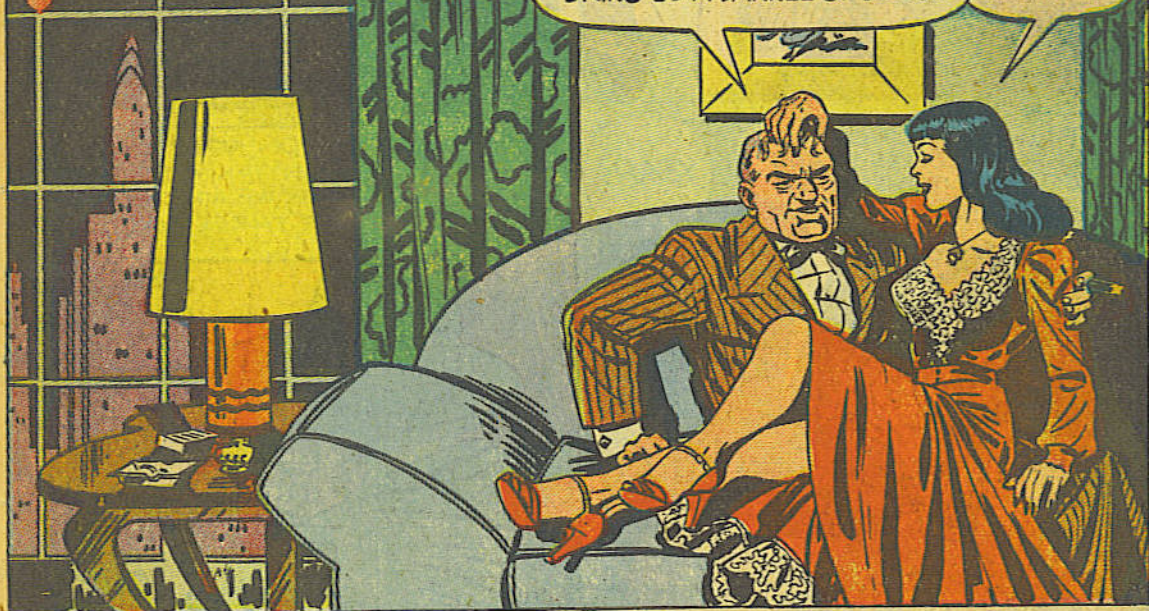
by GENE LESLIE

GIRL FRIDAY

ONE EVENING, IN THE SUMPTUOUS APARTMENT MAINTAINED BY BARNEY DUANE...A MOBSTER AND RACKETEER, TOUGH BARNEY BRAGS TO MIMI, A GIRL WHOM HE HAS JUST MET AND WHO ATTRACTS HIM...

BABY, IT'S LUCKY YOU GOT TO KNOW ME! I GOT A BIG DEAL ON WITH A FOREIGN SYNDICATE THAT'S GOING TO BRING US A BARREL OF DOUGH!

THAT'S OKAY WITH ME, HONEY. I'LL HELP YOU SPEND IT!

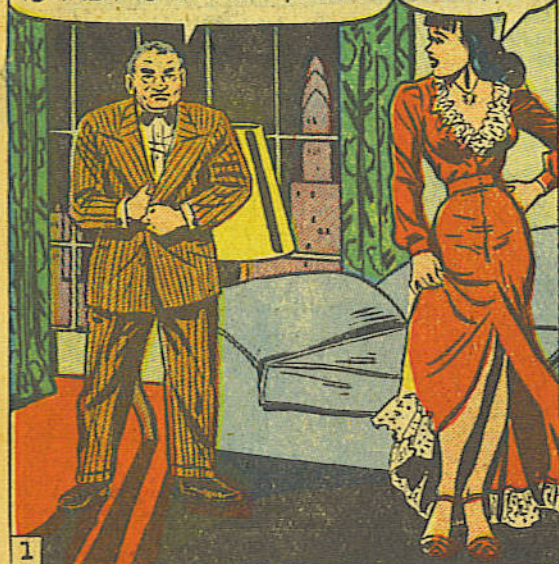


I GOTTA GO DOWNTOWN NOW TO TALK TO THE BOYS, MIMI!

CAN'T I COME, TOO?

ALL RIGHT, COME ALONG. I WON'T BE LONG. WE'LL TAKE IN A NIGHT SPOT AFTERWARDS.

THAT'LL BE SWELL, HANDSOME!



NOW LISSSEN, BOYS, THIS IS OUR BIGGEST DEAL YET, AND I WANT YOU ALL TO BE ON THE JOB!

YEAH... WE KNOW!



WHEN THE BOAT GETS IN TOMORROW, ONE OF THE CREW WILL BRING THE DOPE OFF AND DELIVER IT TO ME AT THE APARTMENT. THEN WE CUT IT AND START SELLING!



I'LL TAKE MY HALF OF THE DOUGH AS IT COMES IN AND YOU BOYS SPLIT THE OTHER HALF BETWEEN YOU!

YEAH?



LISSSEN...WE BEEN DOIN' YOUR DIRTY WORK TOO LONG, AN' TAKIN' THE SHORT END OF EVERYTHING! WE AIN'T GONNA SPLIT NO HALF **THREE** WAYS!



YOU CAN'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT, YOU...

MAYBE YOU WANT THIS **ROD** TO TALK, EH?



YOU'RE THROUGH, DUANE! I'M TAKING OVER, SEE?

YOU **LOUSE!** YOU WOULDN'T **DARE** SHOOT ME!



NAH... WE GOT IT ALL FIXED!
WE'RE GONNA GIVE YOU THE
SAME TREATMENT YOU HAD
US DISH OUT TO OTHER GUYS!

YOU...
YOU...



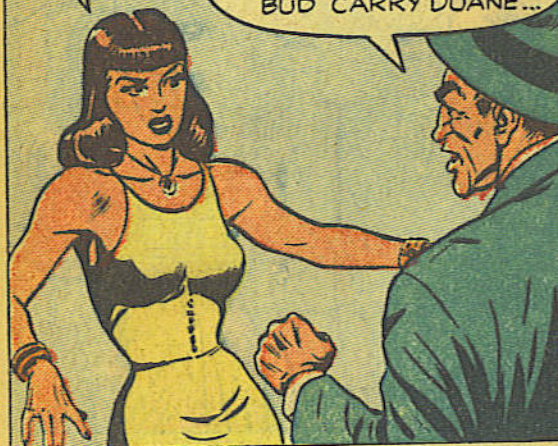
TAKE HIM OUT TO THE CAR
IN THE ALLEY AND OVER TO
THE WAREHOUSE. THAT'S
WHERE WE'LL FIX HIM UP!

UG!



SPIKE! YOU'RE
NOT GOING TO...

SHUT UP! JOSH, YOU TAKE
THE DAME BACK TO
THE APARTMENT AND
WATCH HER! I'LL HELP
BUD CARRY DUANE...



IN THE WATERFRONT WAREHOUSE, SPIKE
POURS CONCRETE INTO A MOULD AROUND
BARNEY DUANE'S FEET...

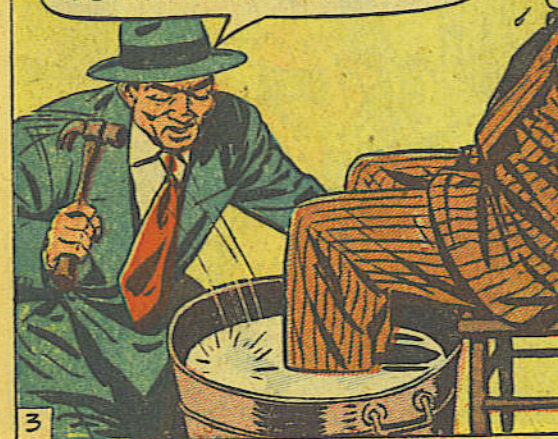
THIS STUFF WILL HARDEN
IN A JIFFY! SEE IF THE
LAUNCH IS READY.

RIGHT
AWAY, BOSS!

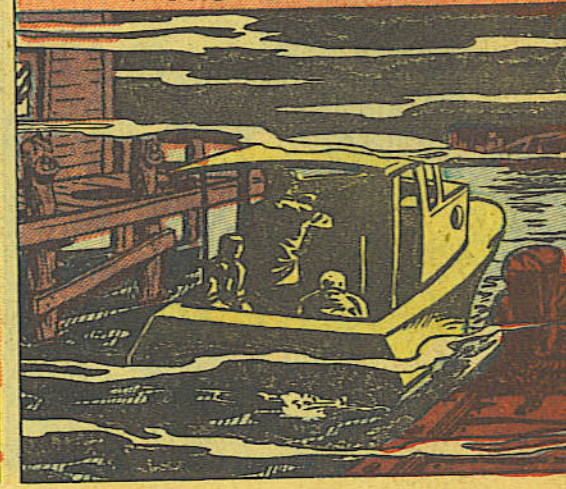


A SHORT WHILE LATER...

IT'S HARD NOW. WHEN WE DUMP HIM
IN THE RIVER, HE'LL GO TO THE
BOTTOM... AND STAY THERE!



SOON, THE MOBSTERS' LAUNCH SNEAKS
OUT INTO THE DARK RIVER ON ITS
MISSION OF MURDER...



IN THE MURKY GLOOM, BARNEY DUANE
IS SENT TO A WATERY GRAVE...



TAKE IT EASY, HANDSOME!
LET ME CHANGE INTO SOME
COMFORTABLE CLOTHES, AND
I'LL FIX SOME DRINKS
FOR ALL OF US.

OKAY, BABE.
FIX YOUR-
SELF REAL
PRETTY. NOW
WE'RE GONNA
RELAX!

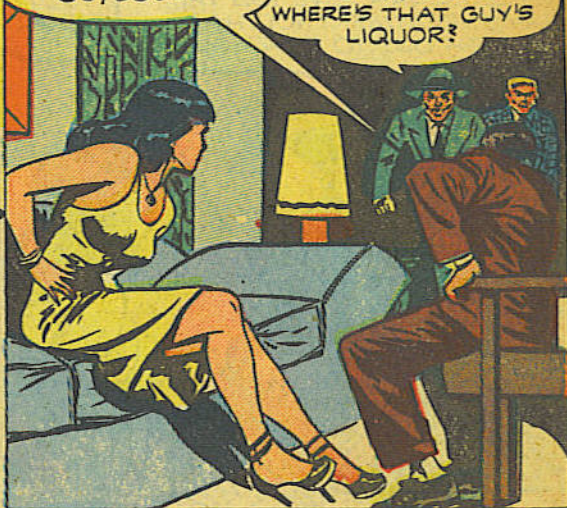


I MAY AS WELL TELL YOU...I'M TAKING
OVER BARNEY'S MOB AND HIS GAL, TOO!



HOW'D EVERYTHING
GO, BOSS?

SMOOTH AS SILK! I
NEED A DRINK!
WHERE'S THAT GUY'S
LIQUOR?



PRESENTLY, MIMI RE-APPEARS...

THAT'S THE
STUFF, BABY!

HOPE I DIDN'T KEEP
YOU BOYS WAITING.



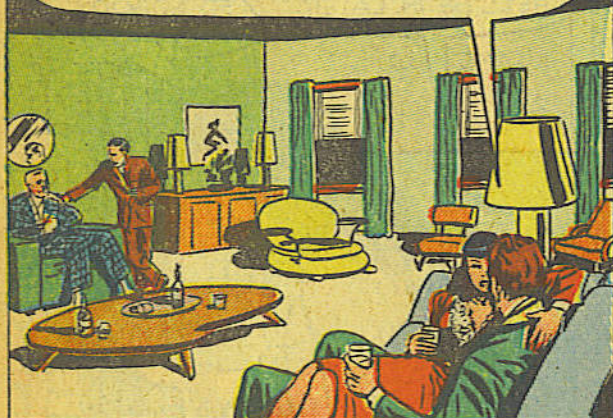
I ALWAYS SIDE WITH
A WINNER, SPIKE!

YOU GOT BRAINS
TOO, BABY!



THE MOBSTERS DRINK AND CAROUSE
INTO THE EARLY MORNING...

THE REST OF THE BOYS WILL HEAR
TOMORROW THAT THEY'RE TAKING...
HIC...THEIR ORDERS FROM ME, NOW!



TOMORROW, WHEN THE "CARMANIA"
DOCKS, A GUY FROM THE CREW WILL
BRING THE DOPE SHIPMENT UP
HERE. THEN I'LL BUY YOU
DIAMONDS, BABY!

YOU'RE
WONDERFUL!



LATER, WHEN DRUNKEN SNORES
PERVADE THE ROOM, MIMI SNEAKS OUT...



I THINK I'LL GO UP TO THE ROOF
FOR A BREATH OF AIR.

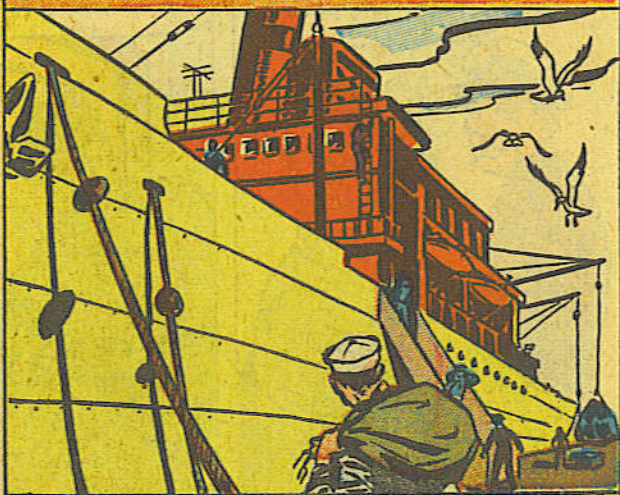
YES,
MA'AM.



BUT ON THE ROOF, MIMI CONFERS
WITH A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE
LURKING THERE...



NEXT DAY, SOME MEMBERS OF THE CREW
OF THE "CARMANIA" GET SHORE LEAVE...



ONE OF THE CREW HEADS STRAIGHT FOR THE GANGSTER'S APARTMENT...

HELLO, LUIGI, HAVE YOU GOT THE STUFF?

SURE, RIGHT HERE! WHERE'S DUANE?



WHILE THE MOBSTERS TALK, MIMI ADJUSTS THE SHADES...

OH, HE SAID FOR ME TO TAKE THE PACKAGE. HE'LL BE IN LATER.

I'D BETTER FIX THESE SHADES SO NOBODY'LL SEE YOU GUYS.



ON A ROOFTOP, ACROSS FROM THE APARTMENT, A GROUP OF FIGURES WATCH INTENTLY...

SEE THE SHADES? THAT'S THE SIGNAL, MEN. GET OVER THERE RIGHT AWAY!



THE CREWMAN TURNS OVER THE CONSIGNMENT OF DOPE...

OKAY! I'M GLAD TO GET IT DELIVERED. NOW I CAN GO OUT AND HAVE A GOOD TIME!

GO RIGHT AHEAD, PAL!



A KNOCK SOUNDS ON THE DOOR.

WHAT'S THAT?



RADIOGRAM FOR MR. DUANE! VERY IMPORTANT!



WHA-!

IT'S THE LAW, YOU MUGGS!



THE GANGSTERS TRY TO SHOOT IT OUT, BUT THE POLICE QUICKLY CONTROL THE SITUATION...



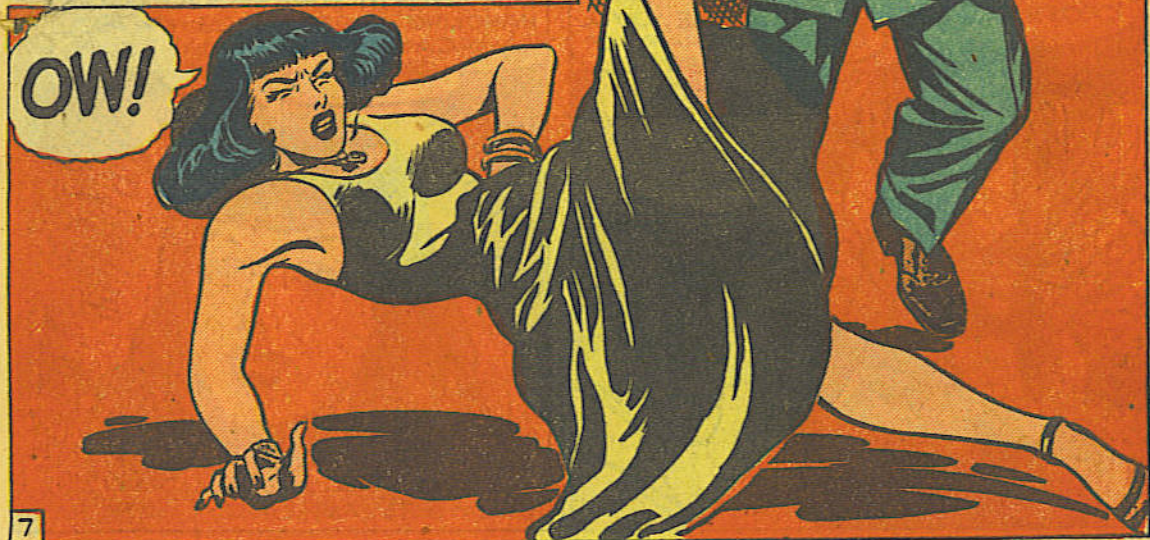
SPIKE, CARRYING THE SMUGGLED DOPE, MAKES A BREAK FOR THE SERVICE STAIRS AND MIMI TRIES TO INTERCEPT HIM...



GIT OUTA MY WAY!

SLAM!

OW!





RAY HALE

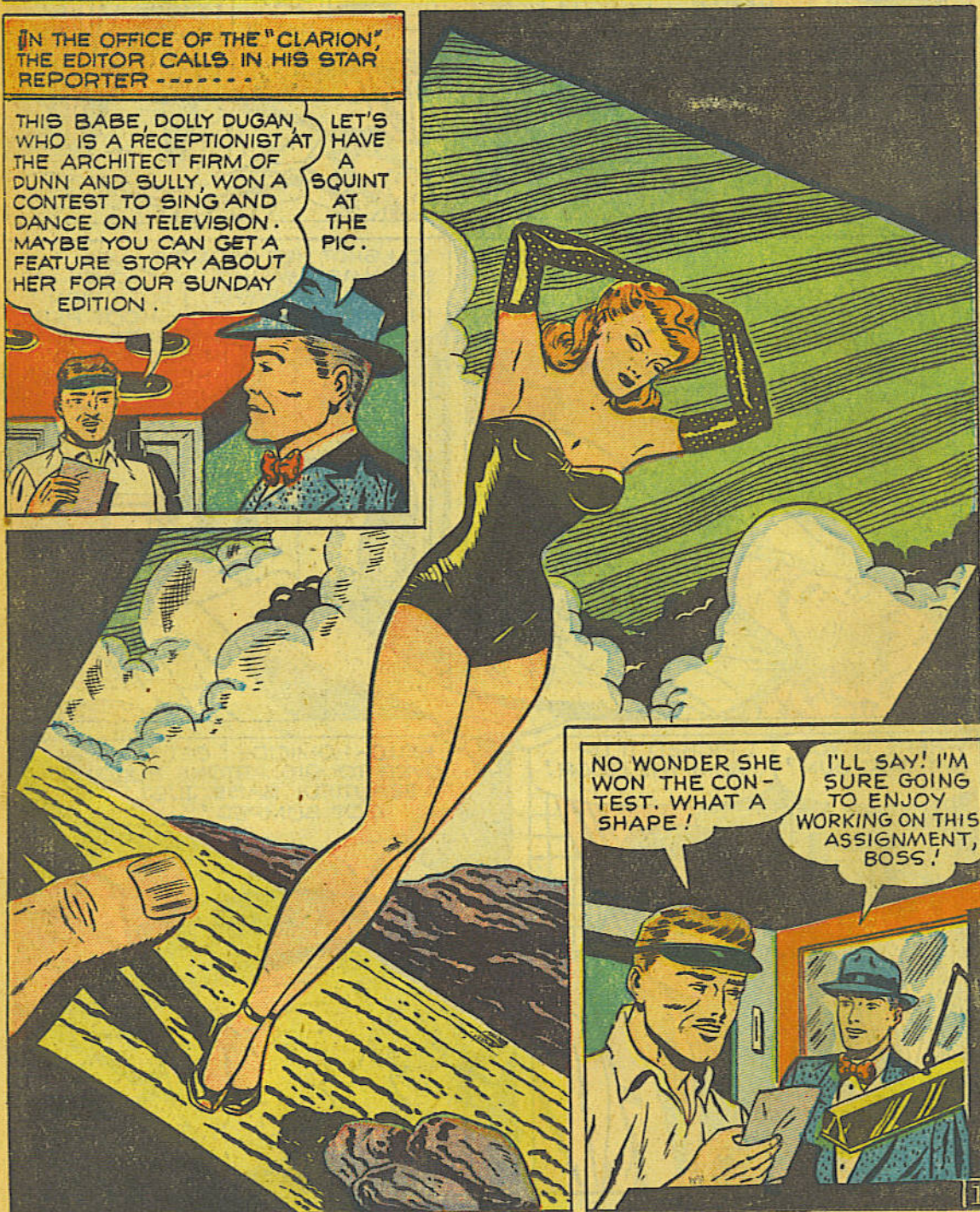
NEWS
ACE

"DEATH IS THE PRIZE"

IN THE OFFICE OF THE "CLARION,"
THE EDITOR CALLS IN HIS STAR
REPORTER -----

THIS BABE, DOLLY DUGAN,
WHO IS A RECEPTIONIST AT
THE ARCHITECT FIRM OF
DUNN AND SULLY, WON A
CONTEST TO SING AND
DANCE ON TELEVISION.
MAYBE YOU CAN GET A
FEATURE STORY ABOUT
HER FOR OUR SUNDAY
EDITION.

LET'S
HAVE
A
SQUINT
AT
THE
PIC.



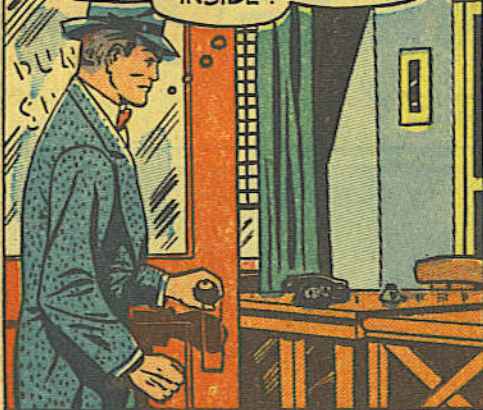
NO WONDER SHE
WON THE CON-
TEST. WHAT A
SHAPE!

I'LL SAY! I'M
SURE GOING
TO ENJOY
WORKING ON THIS
ASSIGNMENT,
BOSS!



GOING TO THE OFFICE OF DUNN AND SULLY, HALE FINDS THE RECEPTIONIST'S DESK UNOCCUPIED---

THE CUTIE-PIE SHOULD BE RIGHT HERE! MAYBE SHE'S INSIDE!



HEY! WHAT'S THIS?



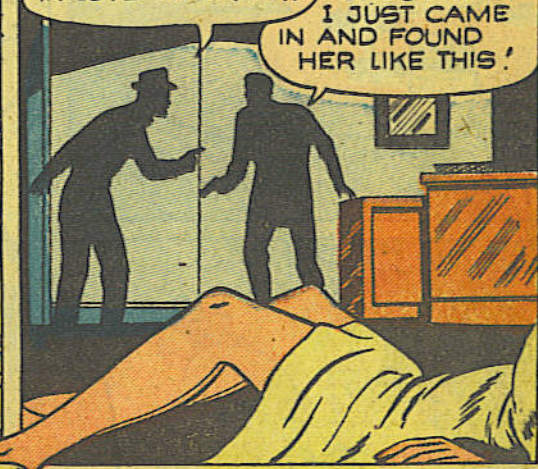
THIS GIRL IS DEAD! WHO ARE YOU?

I'M GEORGE DUNN, A MEMBER OF THE FIRM. I-----



YOU SHOT HER BECAUSE SHE WAS LEAVING. MAYBE YOU WERE IN LOVE WITH HER!

YES, I LOVED HER BUT I DIDN'T SHOOT HER. I JUST CAME IN AND FOUND HER LIKE THIS!



WHERE'D YOU GET THAT GUN?

I PICKED IT UP FROM THE FLOOR!



HELLO - HOMICIDE? GET RIGHT OVER TO 916 ARTONE BUILDING! A BEAUTIFUL BABE JUST GOT BUMPED!

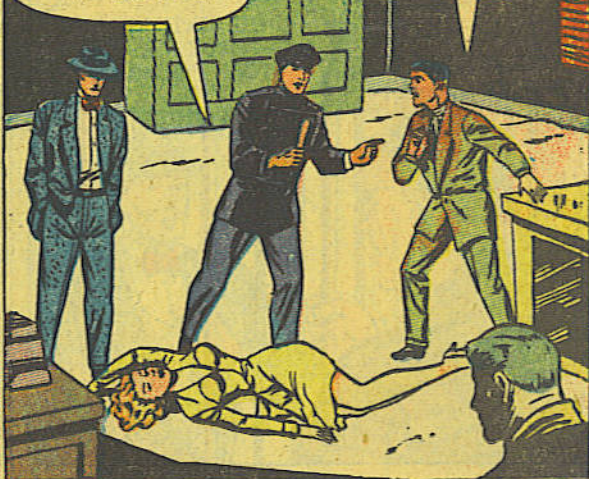


SOON THE POLICE ARRIVE, AND WITH THEM IS JACK GRIMES, A REPORTER FOR HALE'S RIVAL PAPER, THE "EXPRESS"



DUNN, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST ON SUSPICION OF MURDER!

BUT I DIDN'T DO IT!



A LITTLE LATER, HALE IS IN A BAR WHEN EXTRAS HIT THE STREETS...

EXTRA! EXTRA!
GAL MURDERED
IN OFFICE!

HERE, BOY, GIVE
ME A PAPER!



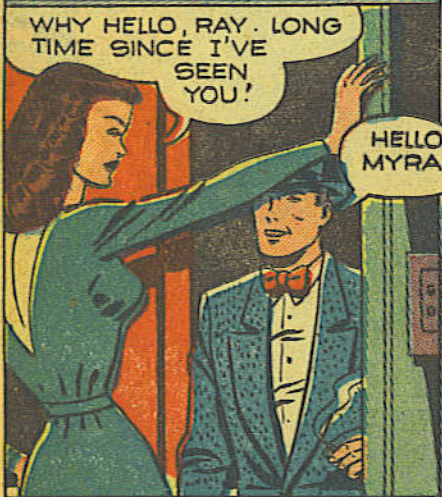
HEY! THIS
ISN'T MY SHEET!
THE "EXPRESS"
SCOOPED MY
STORY! HOW COULD
THEY GET IT
OUT SO FAST?



HALE GOES TO SEE MYRA
PAYNE, WITH WHOM HE
USED TO BE VERY FRIENDLY...

WHY HELLO, RAY. LONG
TIME SINCE I'VE
SEEN
YOU!

HELLO,
MYRA



WHAT'S
THE
MATTER,
HONEY?

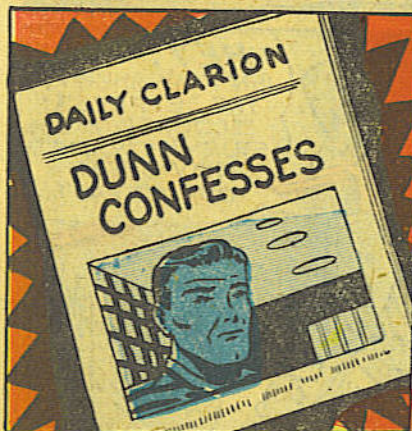
WE'VE BEEN
WASHED UP
FOR SOME
TIME, RAY.
AND I DON'T
WANT TO START
IN AGAIN!



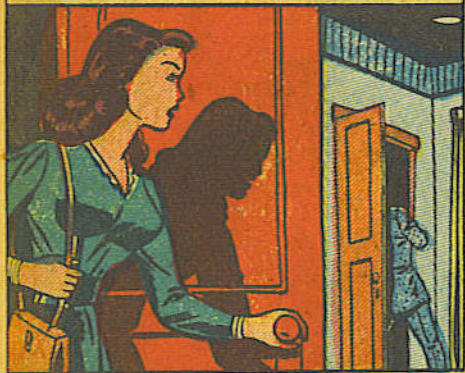
WHO'S
YOUR
NEW
BOY
FRIEND?

WELL, IF YOU
MUST KNOW -
IT'S JACK
GRIMES OF
THE "EXPRESS".





SOON, MYRA ENTERS AND HALE HIDES IN A CLOSET---



MYRA! HAVE YOU SEEN THE PAPERS?

NO - WHAT'S WRONG!



UNAWARE OF HIS PRESENCE, SHE STARTS TO CHANGE HER CLOTHES---



DUNN HAS CONFESSED! I DON'T GET IT!

THAT CAN'T BE! WE PLANNED IT OURSELVES AND YOU SHOT HER!

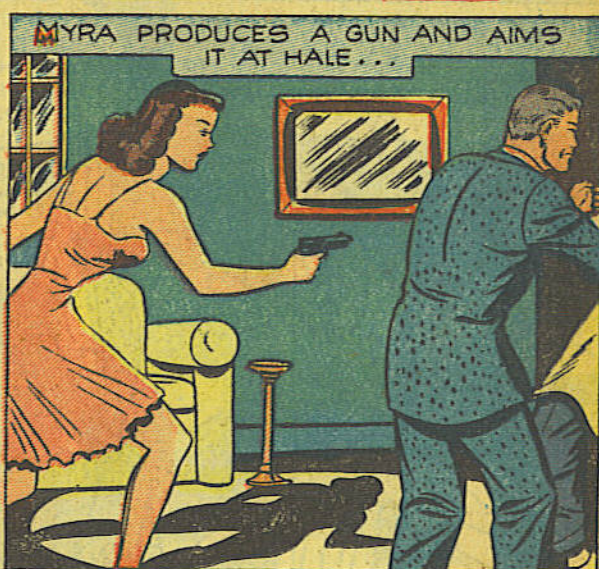


AFTER ALL, THAT'S HOW I WILL SUCCEED TO THE CONTEST TOP SPOT, WITH HER OUT OF THE WAY. I WAS RUNNER UP!



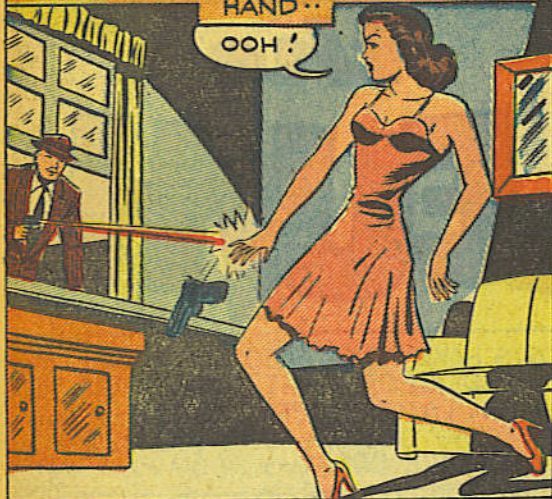
YES IT WAS A TRICK AND IT WORKED. YOU TWO HAVE JUST PUT THE FINGER 'ON YOURSELVES!





BUT A QUICK BULLET FROM BYRNES SMASHES THE GUN FROM MYRA'S HAND...

OOH!



OOH, MY HAND!

WISE GUY, EH!



JUST A GOOD NEWSPAPER MAN, GRIMES. I PHONED IN MY STORY ON THE MURDER BEFORE YOU DID. YET YOUR EXTRA HIT THE STREETS BEFORE MINE. THAT SHOWED THAT YOU KNEW ABOUT THE KILLING BEFORE ME!



I SUSPECTED YOU HAD A HAND IN IT WHEN MYRA TOLD ME YOU WERE HER CURRENT BEAU. I HAD ALREADY FOUND OUT THAT SHE WAS THE RUNNER-UP IN THE TELEVISION CONTEST!



COME ON YOU TWO!

SEE YOU IN THE DEATH HOUSE, PALS!



HELLO, BOSS. GET READY TO PUT OUT ANOTHER EXTRA! HERE'S THE STORY--



LOOK FOR RAY HALE IN OUR NEXT ISSUE.

SALLY *the* SLEUTH

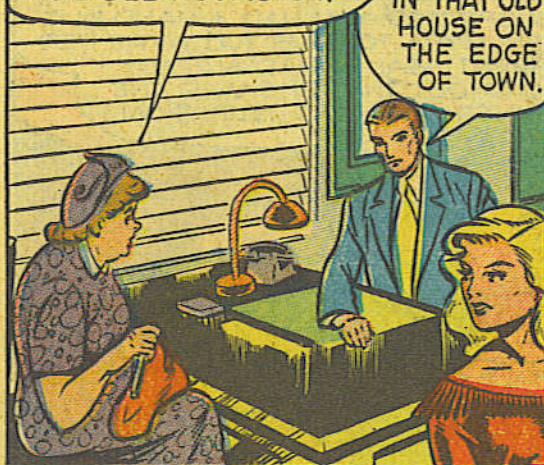
by Charles Barr

in
"GHOSTLY QUEST"

ONE DAY, AN ELDERLY DOMESTIC CALLS ON THE CHIEF WITH A TALE OF TROUBLE - WITH AN ODD SUPERNATURAL ANGLE...

I'M THE COOK OUT AT OLD MRS. MEADE'S. SOME AWFULLY STRANGE THINGS HAVE BEEN GOING ON,

OH, YES, SHE'S THE WEALTHY OLD LADY WHO LIVES IN THAT OLD HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF TOWN.



GHOSTS HAVE MOVED INTO THE HOUSE. IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT, DISHES ARE BROKEN, LAMPS TOPPLE OVER -- AND WORST OF ALL -- THE BIG OLD ORGAN IN THE DRAWING ROOM PLAYS ALL BY ITSELF!

ARE YOU SURE IT'S GHOSTS-?



WE DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK, BUT I'VE BEEN WITH MRS. MEADE FOR FIFTEEN YEARS AND I'M VERY FEARFUL FOR HER. SHE'S ALL UPSET, AND WITH HER BAD HEART--!



PLEASE TRY TO DO SOMETHING. I DON'T WANT MY MISTRESS TO DIE OF SHOCK. I'D BE OUT OF A GOOD JOB.

DON'T WORRY. I'LL CALL THERE IN PERSON, AND NO ONE WILL KNOW THAT YOU TIPPED ME OFF.

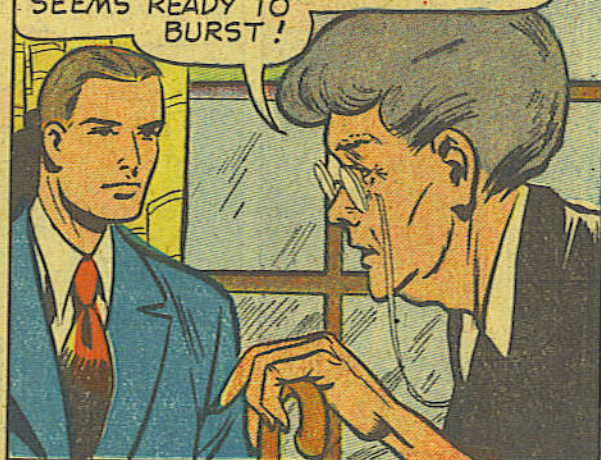


NEXT DAY, THE CHIEF CALLS ON MRS. MEADE IN HER OLD MANSION...

I'M A PSYCHIC INVESTIGATOR, MRS. MEADE. I HEAR THERE ARE STRANGE OCCURANCES HERE.

OH YES, THEY REALLY HAVE US TERRIFIED, WE CAN FIND NO NATURAL CAUSE FOR THEM.

THE MOST AWFUL IS THAT ORGAN MUSIC IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. IT WAKES ME UP AND MY HEART SEEMS READY TO BURST!



THIS IS MY NIECE, DONNA, AND SETH WALTON, MY PRIVATE SECRETARY FOR MANY YEARS.

HOW DO YOU DO?

PLEASD TO KNOW YOU.

HOWDY.

YOU ARE WELCOME TO STAY HERE WHILE YOU FERRET OUT THE CAUSE OF THESE MYSTIFYING HAPPENINGS.

THANK YOU, I'LL BE BACK TO SPEND THE NIGHT.



LATER, IN THE CHIEF'S OFFICE...

SALLY, GET HOLD OF "PEANUTS" AND KEEP WATCH ON THE GROUNDS OF THE OLD HOUSE. I'LL BE INSIDE.

OKAY, CHIEF.



THAT NIGHT, IN THE OLD HOUSE...

I THINK I'LL SIT HERE AND SEE WHAT GOES ON-



OUTSIDE, SALLY AND "PEANUTS", AN URCHIN WHO HELPS HER ON HER CASES, ARE HIDDEN BY BUSHES...

T'INK DE GHOSTS WILL COME, SALLY?

I DON'T KNOW, PEANUTS, JUST WAIT AND SEE-



AS THE LONG HOURS
QUIETLY PASS, THE
CHIEF DOZES OFF...



NEXT MORNING, THE MEADE FAMILY GATHER...

NOT A SOUND
LAST NIGHT,
MRS. MEADE.

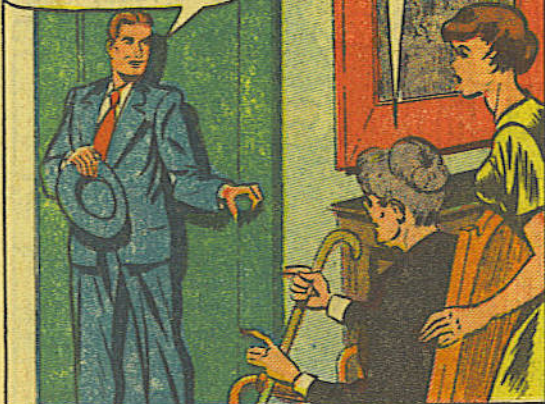
THANK GOODNESS,
IT WAS THE
FIRST QUIET
NIGHT IN A
LONG TIME.

PERHAPS OUR
GHOSTS WERE
AFRAID TO COME
OUT WITH YOU
ON WATCH.



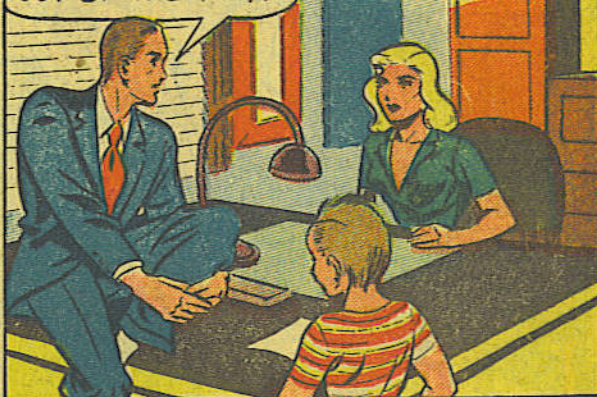
I'M AFRAID THERE'S
NO EVIDENCE OF
PSYCHIC PHENOMENA
HERE, I SHALL
NOT BE BACK.

WELL, I HOPE
YOU'VE CHASED
THEM AWAY
FOR GOOD.



LATER, AT THE OFFICE...

I'M NOT GIVING UP THAT MEADE CASE
AT ALL. I HAVE A HUNCH THAT OUR
GHOST WILL START AGAIN, ONCE I'M
OUT OF THE WAY.



THAT NIGHT, ON THE MEADE GROUNDS...

IT'S AFTER
TWO O'CLOCK,
CHIEF.

MAYBE SOMETHING IS
GOING TO HAPPEN
SOON, SALLY.



AN INSTANT LATER THE EERIE
TONES OF THE ORGAN COME FLOAT-
ING FROM THE DARK OLD HOUSE...

LISTEN!

YIPE!



THE CHIEF SLIPS INTO
A FIRST-FLOOR WINDOW...



NOBODY PLAYING THIS
ORGAN, SURE ENOUGH -



APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS
SEND THE CHIEF INTO
A NEARBY DOOR...



DONNA ENTERS THE DRAWING ROOM...

THAT HORRIBLE
MUSIC AGAIN--!

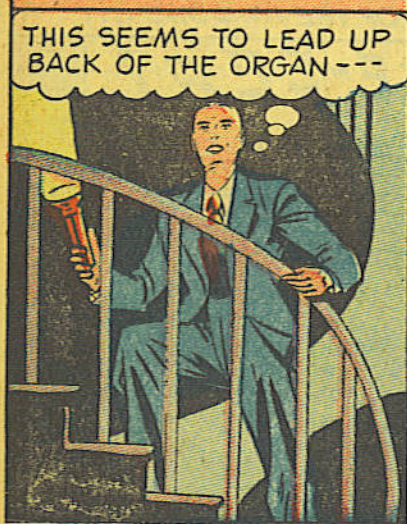


I WISH THAT
INVESTIGATOR
WERE HERE--!

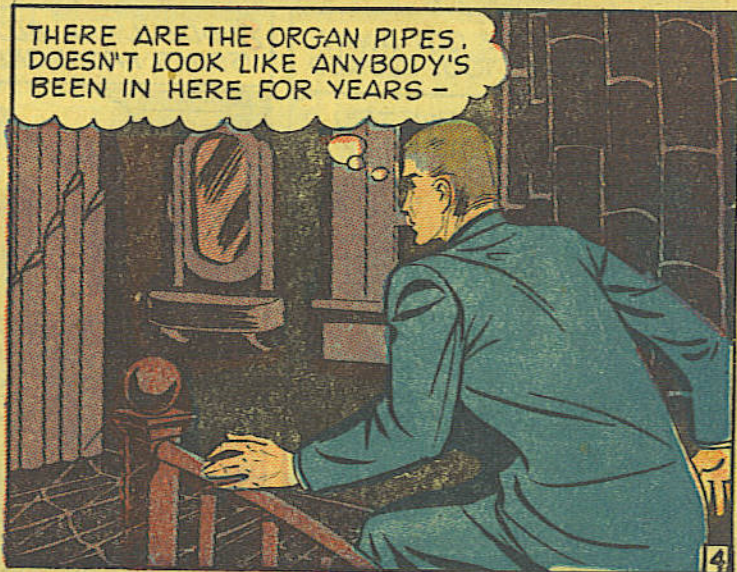


INSIDE THE NARROW DOOR...

THIS SEEMS TO LEAD UP
BACK OF THE ORGAN ---



THERE ARE THE ORGAN PIPES.
DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ANYBODY'S
BEEN IN HERE FOR YEARS -

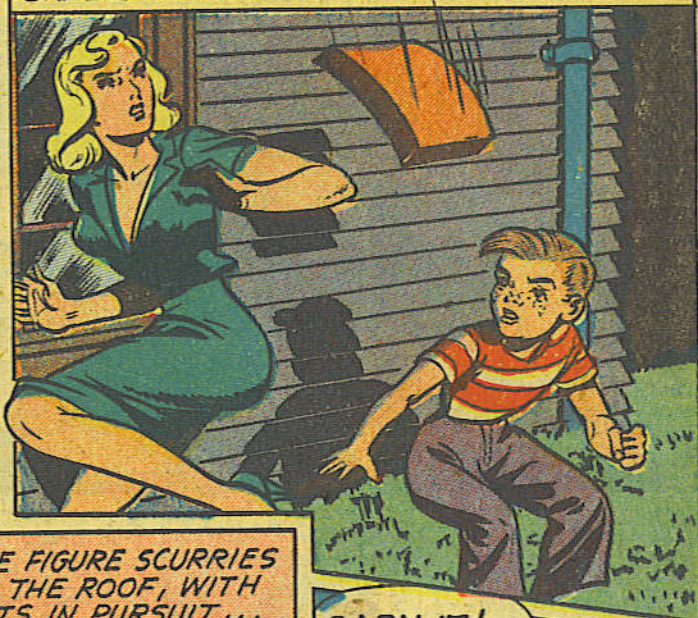


SALLY AND PEANUTS, UNDER THE EAVES, HEAR A SOUND...

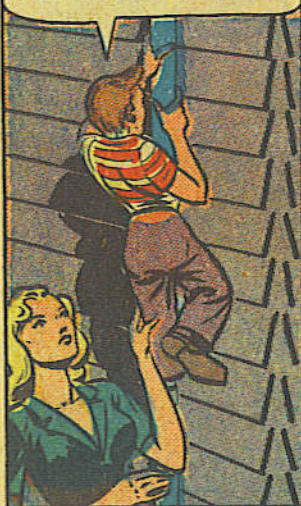
LISTEN--! SOMEONE'S UP THERE - ON THE ROOF - !!



A HEAVY TILE HURTTLES DOWN AND BARELY MISSES CRUSHING THEM...



I'M GONNA SEE WHO DID THAT!



A LITTLE FIGURE SCURRIES ACROSS THE ROOF, WITH PEANUTS IN PURSUIT...



DARN IT! LOST HIM!!



SORRY, SALLY, HE GOT AWAY, A LITTLE RUNT, TOO. LOOKED LIKE A DWARF.

WE'LL TELL THE CHIEF.



SUDDENLY, A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM ISSUES FROM ONE OF THE WINDOWS...

AI-EE-EEE!



THE CHIEF HEARS IT...

WHAT'S THAT? SOMEONE'S
IN TROUBLE!



IN THE HALL, HE MEETS DONNA...

WHAT'S
UP?

OH, I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE HERE!
SOMETHING AWFUL JUST CRAWLED
INTO MY WINDOW!



MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE...

LOOK, SALLY - COMING OUT OF
THAT WINDOW!

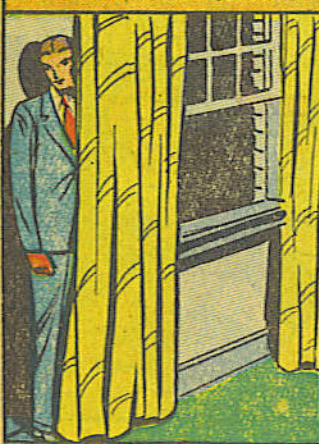


**A SEARCH OF DONNA'S ROOM REVEALS NO
SIGN OF AN INTRUDER, SO THE CHIEF
CALLS A HUDDLE TO ARRANGE A PLAN...**

TOMORROW NIGHT, WE'LL SLIP
IN AFTER DARK AND TAKE
OUR POSTS AS I TELL YOU-



**THE FOLLOWING NIGHT
FINDS THE CHIEF
BEHIND A CURTAIN IN
THE DRAWING ROOM...**



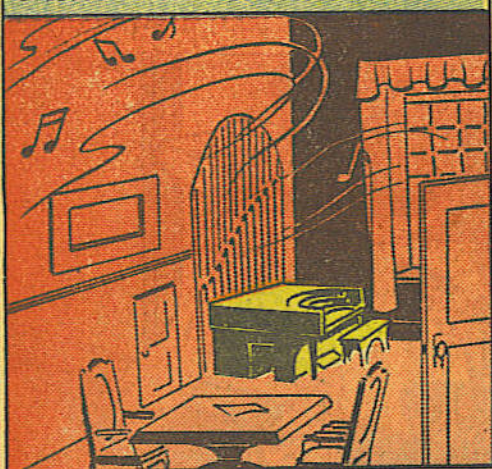
**... SALLY JOINS DONNA
IN HER BEDROOM ...**



**...AND PEANUTS HIDES
ON THE ROOF...**



IN THE WEE, SMALL HOURS, THE CHILLING STRAINS OF THE ORGAN ARE HEARD AGAIN...



THE CHIEF, SILENTLY CREEPING UP BEHIND THE ORGAN, FLASHES HIS LIGHT...

THERE YOU ARE!



HALT - OR I'LL SHOOT!



THE LITTLE FIGURE SLIDES THROUGH A SMALL DOOR TO THE ROOF, WITH THE CHIEF CLOSE BEHIND...

THERE HE GOES!
GET HIM,
PEANUTS!



WITH PEANUTS CLOSING IN ON HIM, THE FUGITIVE DIVES INTO A WINDOW...



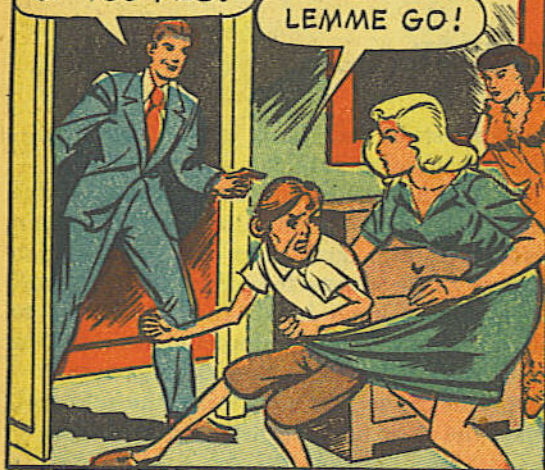
AIEE-EE!
THERE IT IS AGAIN!!

GOT YOU,
PAL!!



SO-HERE'S THE LITTLE DEVIL WHO'S BEEN FRIGHTENING THE WITS OUT OF YOU ALL.

LEMME GO!



PRESENTLY, ALL GATHER IN THE DRAWING ROOM DOWNSTAIRS. SETH WALTON COMES IN LAST...

DADDY!
DON'T LET THEM-

WELL, I'LL BE-!



DON'T HURT HIM. HE'S MY SON - A POOR MISSHAPEN LITTLE CREATURE, BUT ALL I HAVE. I MAY AS WELL CONFESS. I HAD HIM HIDDEN IN A SECRET ROOM UPSTAIRS, AS I COULD FIND NO ONE TO CARE FOR HIM. I TAUGHT HIM TO PLAY THE GHOSTLY PRANKS AT NIGHT.

BUT WHY?



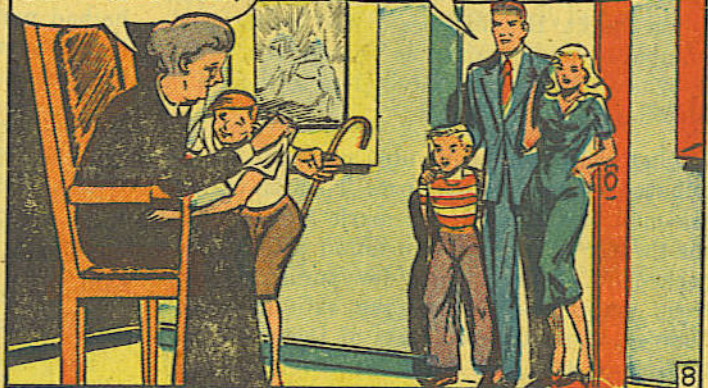
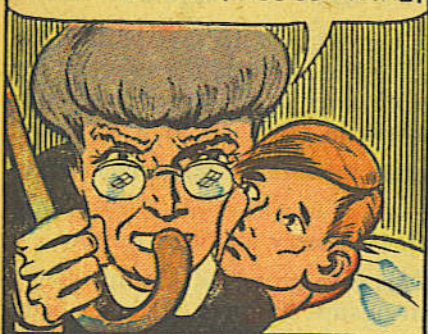
WELL, I KNEW THAT MRS. MEADE IS TO LEAVE ME TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS IN HER WILL. I THOUGHT THAT IF I COULD HASTEN A HEART ATTACK, I WOULD COLLECT THE MONEY AND HAVE JOHNNY TAKEN CARE OF PROPERLY--AND I FAILED!



YOU INGRATE! TO TRY TO KILL ME AFTER ALL THESE YEARS IN MY EMPLOY! I'LL LEAVE YOU NOTHING! I WON'T PROSECUTE YOU, BUT GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE. THIS POOR BOY STAYS HERE. I'LL SEE THAT HE HAS A GOOD HOME.

THANK YOU FOR CLEARING THIS UP FOR US. I'LL PAY YOU A GENEROUS FEE.

THANKS, MRS. MEADE. I'LL USE THE MONEY TO DO SOMETHING NICE FOR THESE TWO KIDS HERE.



DON'T MISS SALLY'S NEW CASE IN OUR NEXT ISSUE...

DAN TURNER

HOLLYWOOD DETECTIVE

THE TOP SLEUTH OF MOVIELAND, TURNER'S CASES OFTEN TAKE HIM INTO THE BIG STUDIOS AND SOUND STAGES. ONE DAY, WHEN HE VISITS THE SUPERTONE LOT, HE ENCOUNTERS "THE TRAP FOR A BOOBY"

IS PAT CARSON AROUND? WE HAVE A DATE FOR LUNCH.

PAT'S PLANTIN' EXPLOSIVES ON A KOREAN BATTLEFIELD SET INSIDE. YOU CAN GO RIGHT IN.

ON THE GIGANTIC STAGE, CARSON, DYNAMITE EXPERT, IS LAYING LAND MINES AND BOOBY TRAPS FOR A MOVIE BATTLE SCENE ABOUT TO BE FILMED...



CARSON EXPLAINS HIS JOB...

I PLANT THESE EXPLOSIVES AND RUN WIRES TO AN ELECTRIC KEYBOARD. THERE'S NOT ENOUGH TO INJURE ANYBODY, BUT IT LOOKS REALISTIC IN THE PICTURE.

I SEE - JUST LIKE SHELLS GOING OFF -



AS TURNER AND CARSON START TO LUNCH, AN INEBRIATED BIT PLAYER, JEFF DOANE, APPEARS-

JUST A MINUTE, CARSON, YOU LOUSHY CROOK! THE DICE WERE CROOKED WHEN YOU WON MY DOUGH IN THAT CRAP GAME LAST NIGHT!

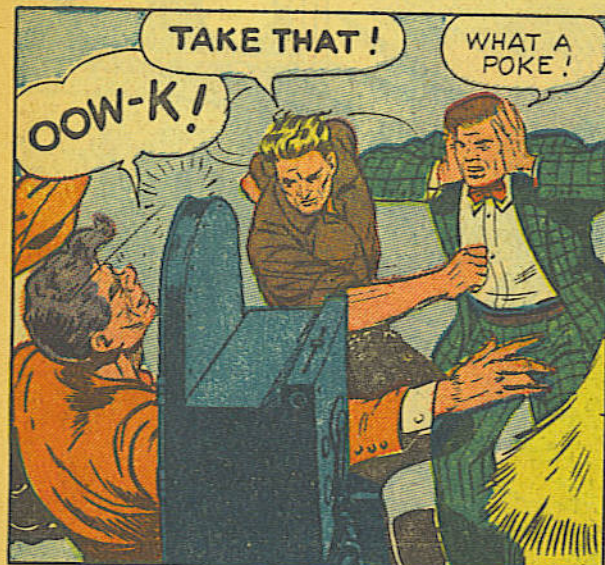
LAY OFF ME, DOANE, YOU'RE DRUNK!



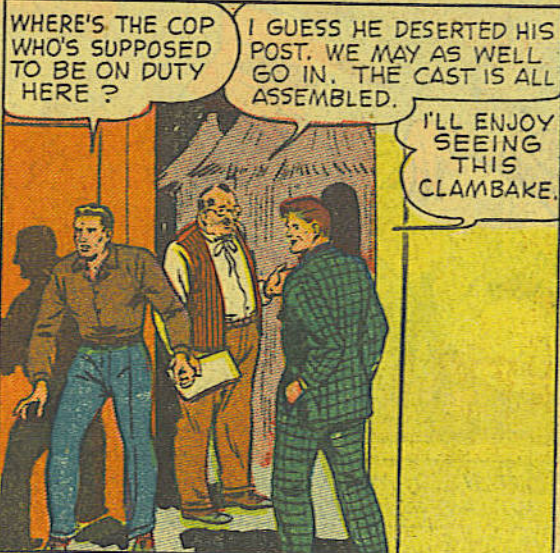
DON'T CALL ME A CROOK! SAY THAT AGAIN, AND I'LL KILL YOU!

YOU COULDN'T KILL A COCKROASH!





PRESENTLY, IN THE COMMISSARY, TURNER'S LUNCH WITH CARSON IS INTERRUPTED...



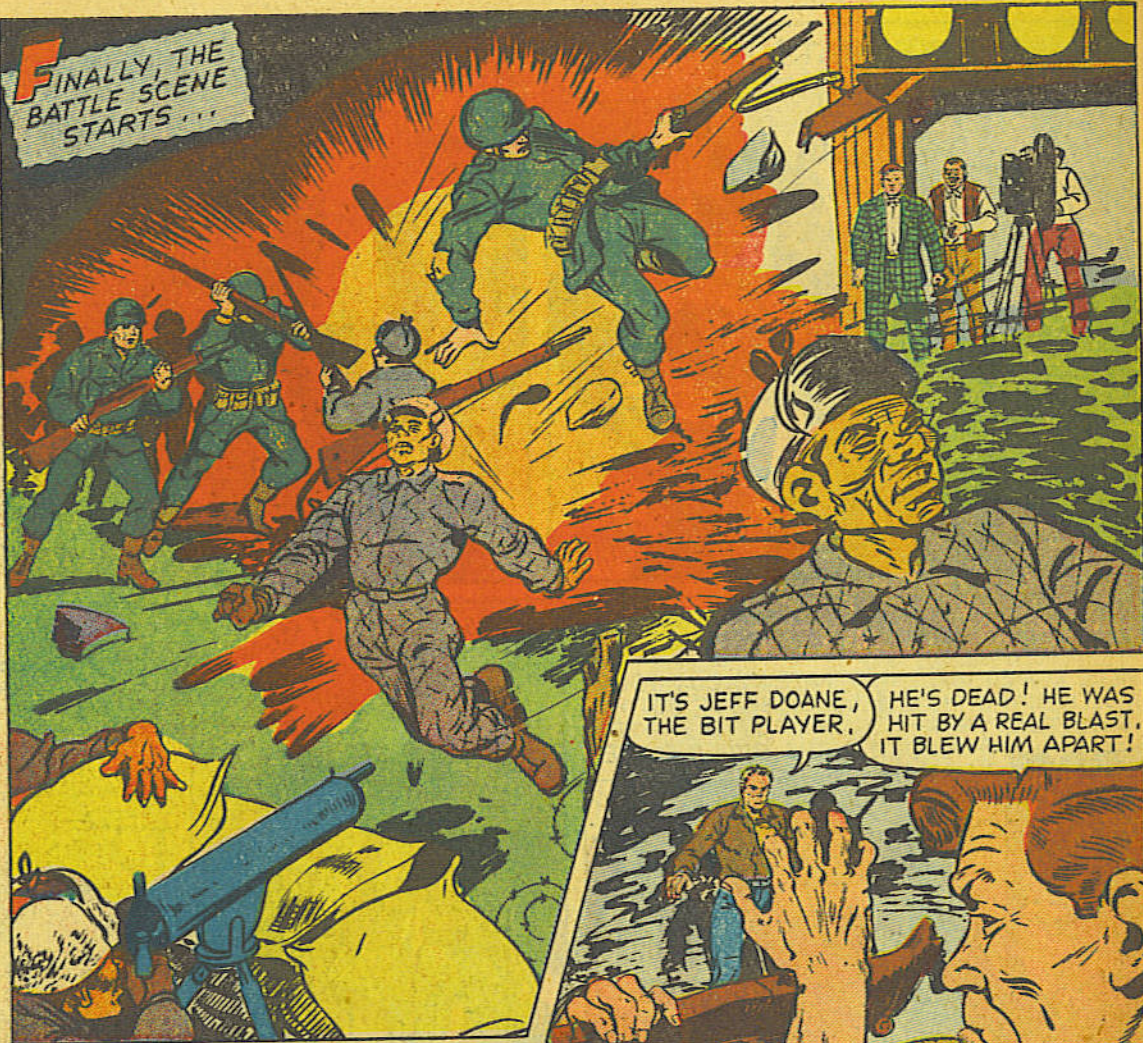
ON THE SET, A CAMERAMAN MAKES A PECULIAR DISCOVERY...



TURNER NOTICES THE CAMERAMAN RELOADING HIS MACHINE...

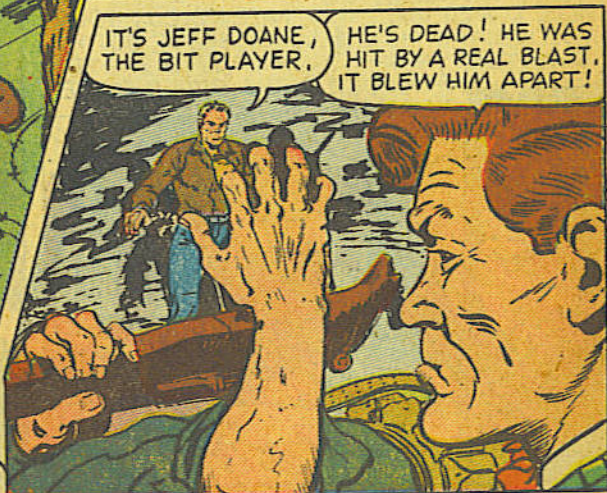


FINALLY, THE
BATTLE SCENE
STARTS ...



IT'S JEFF DOANE,
THE BIT PLAYER.

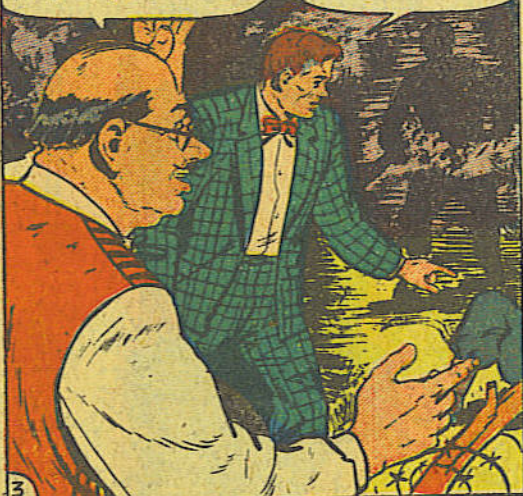
HE'S DEAD! HE WAS
HIT BY A REAL BLAST.
IT BLEW HIM APART!



SATISFIED, MULLINS GRANTS A RECESS
BUT ONE FALLEN MAN FAILS TO RISE ...

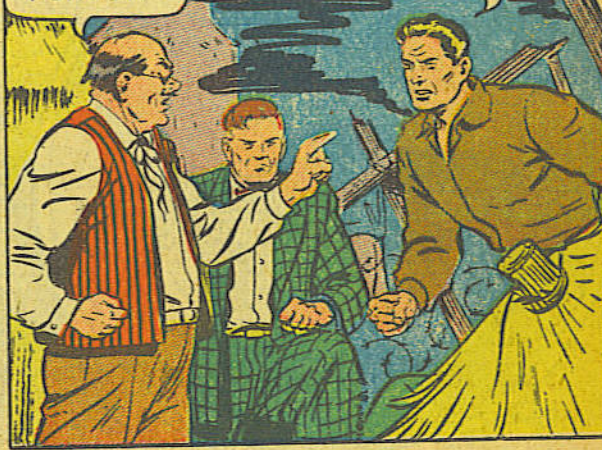
CUT! WE'LL PRINT
THAT. ALL TAKE A
HALF HOUR'S REST.

WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH THAT GUY
OVER THERE?



CARSON, YOU GOT CARELESS
AND PLANTED TOO MUCH
POWDER!

NO! I ALWAYS
MEASURE IT.



THERE WAS BAD BLOOD BETWEEN YOU AND DOANE. I HEARD THAT YOU TWO HAD A BRAWL BEFORE LUNCH!

BUT I WOULDN'T DELIBERATELY KILL HIM!

YOU SAY THAT BECAUSE YOU WANT TO GET RID OF ME, YOU HATE ME BECAUSE I TOOK YOU FOR TWO GRAND IN A CRAP GAME A MONTH AGO!

THAT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH DOANE'S DEATH!

SORRY, PAT, I'LL HAVE TO HOLD YOU FOR THE COPS.

I WON'T LET YOU!

KEEP AWAY, OR I'LL BLAST YOU WITH THIS VIAL OF TNT!

IXNAY!

LET HIM GO-WE'LL BE BLOWN TO PIECES!

LITHE AS A PANTHER, TURNER SPRINGS...

YOU'LL DO NO MORE BLASTING FOR A WHILE, CHUM!

OW!

THE CAMERAMAN SPEAKS UP...

THIS'LL HOLD YOU FOR A WHILE—

SAY, WHEN YOU BUMPED THIS CAMERA, YOU STARTED IT RUNNING.

THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA, WASN'T THE CAMERA RUNNING A WHILE AGO?

YES—IT USED UP A WHOLE REEL.

PAT, DO YOU REMEMBER
KNOCKING DOANE AGAINST
THE CAMERA?

SURE - SO
WHAT?



THAT STARTED IT RUNNING.
SUPPOSE SOMEBODY CAME ON
THE SET AND PLANTED AN
EXTRA HEAVY CHARGE OF EX-
PLOSIVE WHILE
WE WERE
EATING -

SAY - THERE
WOULD BE A
MOVIE OF HIM.
IT WOULD SHOW
THE REAL
KILLER!



MULLINS TAKES THE TIN...

YOU MEAN
THIS REEL
HERE?

HEY, DON'T OPEN
THAT! YOU'LL
FOG THE FILM
AND RUIN IT!

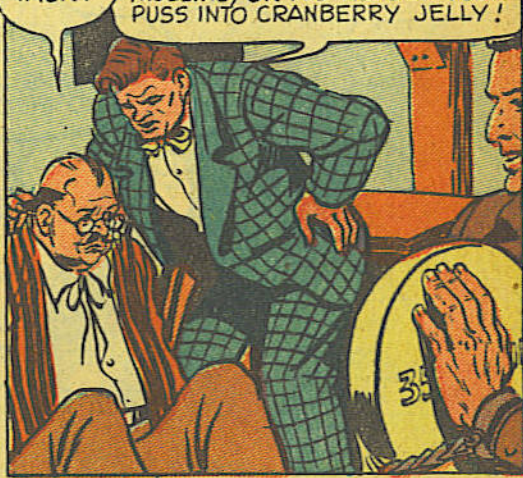


CATCH THAT NEGATIVE, PAT!
YIC MULLINS JUST GAVE
HIMSELF DEAD AWAY!

YIPE!

I - I
WON'T
TALK!

WE'LL HAVE PROOF WHEN THE
NEGATIVE IS DEVELOPED. SPILL
MULLINS, OR I'LL RENDER YOUR
PUSS INTO CRANBERRY JELLY!



YOU CRAVED TO GET CARSON
CANNED, SO YOU PLANTED THE
EXTRA CHARGE OF POWDER,
SO HE'D SEEM CARELESS!

I CONFESS, BUT
I DIDN'T MEAN TO
KILL ANYBODY.

YEAH, YOU
ONLY FIGURED
TO INJURE A
FEW EXTRAS.

THAT'S RIGHT.
IT WASN'T
PREMEDITATED
MURDER!



NUTS TO THAT ANGLE! YOU'LL
WIND UP IN THE GOW AS SOON
AS I PHONE DAVE DONALDSON
OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD!

